

Frost and Forgetting

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Summary: Hell seemed a lot more tame than Sarah had expected it to be. It wasn't the fire licking at her legs for all the sins she had committed, it was the frost trying to gnaw at her ankles, her boots stuck in the snow. ****Spoilers****

Frost and Forgetting

Hell seemed a lot more tame than Sarah had expected it to be. It wasn't the fire licking at her legs for all the sins she had committed, it was the frost trying to gnaw at her ankles, her boots stuck in the snow.

Strange.

The barge had taken her past the fog, where Sarah had woken on the snowy ground. It wasn't cold. It was chilly, but not cold. And everything was bland and broken and boring. Sarah stared at the sky, the cloudy sky, which rained down the pieces of souls lost. It was like snow, but felt more spiritual.

"Welcome," Sarah said in her deep voice, stepping over the snow, "to hell. You'll surely be very happy here." She leaped over a snow mound. She was now imitating Eugenia Spence in a way. "Don't slouch, Sarah. Stand straight as you face your demons. Stand up as you just over hurdles. Be gracious. Beauty, charm, etc."

The young lady loved mocking her elders. They were older and had held power for too long. Now Sarah was older, and just seeing her own faults. She knew she was heading down a dark and winding path, but she had kept on. She was too consumed by the power to let go. And now there were no paths left to her. They were all covered by the snow.

She started laughing. Sarah was laughing as she walked in circles. "I know a place where my true love lies... My true love, true love lies..." she sang. Her voice was once melodic and beautiful, but now it was deeper, almost husky. She hadn't spoken in so long. How much

time passes in hell? How much time is gone to her? Sarah wanted to laugh again but found no air left to laugh. What was there that was funny? She had nothing to say, nothing to do. Make a snowman? Make a... An angel? That was cute. Make a snow angel in the ash? It wasn't ash. It was. It wasn't. Sarah fell to her knees.

"I'm going mad," she declared, sitting in the frost and ice. "Forgive me, Mary. I've sinned, and your blood is on my hands."

She lay back into the snow. Her hair was littered with little flakes of whatever made up the ice here. Footsteps approached her, and Sarah bolted upright and turned. Was it Mary? Was that why she was here? There could be no reason for her to stay other than for her to apologize to Mary. Her sister. The one she had killed. Sarah wanted nothing more than to apologize to Mary. They were the bestest of friends and she had killed her. So again, was this Mary?

It wasn't.

Sarah's eyes widened and she clung in on herself. She wasn't afraid, she was ashamed. And suddenly one of her hidden regrets made sense. She wasn't meant to apologize to Mary, not yet. Maybe that was something she would never get to do. It may have been her private hell. For now, she would have to settle one soul at a time.

"Nell Hawkins."

The young lady smiled back.

"Jack fell down and broke his crown, and Jill came tumbling after."

End
file.